RUTLAND HERALD.

"Here comes the 'Herald' of a noisy world, with news from all Nations."

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POETRY.

[*Communicated for the Herald.*]

A RIDDLE.

FOR CHILDREN TO FIND OUT IF THEY CAN.

The newspapers inform us, that the late celebrated English poetess, Miss ANNA SEWARD, left a *Riddle* in her will, with a premium of fifty pounds sterling to the person who should solve it. Here is the Riddle —

The noblest object in the works of art,
The brightest gem that nature doth impart,
The surest essential in a lawyer's case,
The well known signal in the time of peace,
The ploughman's prompter when he drives his plough,
The soldier's duty, and the lover's vow,
The planet seen between the earth and sun,
The prize which merit never yet has won,
The miser's treasure and the badge of Jews,
The wife's ambition, and the parson's dues.

Now if your nobler spirit can divine
A corresponding word for every line,
By all these lessons clearly will be shown
An ancient city of no small renown.

[It is said all Europe has tried in vain for several years to obtain the prize. The profit and honor of the discovery has been reserved for the New World, and even for a little corner of Vermont, and that the proper measures have already been taken to obtain the reward from the executors of Miss Seward's Will in England.]

SELECTED TALE.

From the Ladies' Companion.

THE RETURN.

How often amidst the busy scenes of life will the memory of the peaceful and happy moments of our youth flash across the mind, with all the vividness of the present! By what hidden chain of associations is it brought about, that when the thoughts are taken up and wholly occupied by the matter-of-fact business of our own riper years, these delightful visions of the past will often visit us accompanied by a train of fond imaginings, and tender recollections!

There are certain periods in the life of every man on which his memory loves to dwell. Perhaps length of time, like distance of place, by softening the asperities of the view may heighten its loveliness. The little annoyances and discomforts common to every situation and every period, and which so greatly swell the amount of human misery, are forgotten—the happiness alone is remembered.—We thus seem to look back on a period of perfect bliss, and wonder at ourselves that we were not then even more sensible of enjoyment.

It was with these feelings that George Elliott resolved to re-visit the scenes of his youth and early manhood. Long a wanderer from his native home, he had traversed the burning plains of India and the frozen regions of the North. Wealth, the object of his toils, he had at length acquired, and in such abundance as more than to satisfy his desires—and now, with his locks, once black as the raven, discolored and parched by exposure, his complexion sallowed by the sun of the tropics, with no vestige of the life and vigor which once flashed in every glance of that eye, and swelled in every muscle of that form, behold—the wanderer returns to his New England village.

It was a summer sunset, such as in August, after the meridian heat so calmy, so holily, closes a day in the country; and never did those setting rays illumine so beautiful a landscape. The village with its tasteful mansions, and neat, but humble cottages—its rising spires and busy mill, the mountain directly in the back ground, crested with a lake, on whose blue waters was discernable a light boat swiftly skimming over the waves; the farm-yards with their lowing herds—together formed a picture of rural quiet and refined elegance, perhaps only to be met within our Eastern States.

Travelling without the ostentation to which his wealth might have entitled him, George Elliott alighted from the dusty stage, and entered the principal hotel. It was long since he had heard any tidings from his family, and now as every object brought fresh to his memory the scenes of his youth, and a crowd of happy recollections pressed upon his mind, he almost feared to make inquiries after those so deeply endeared to him. There was the same old church, with its slender spire and time worn entrance, within whose walls he had so often listened to the venerable pastor. The neat and unpretending academy, where his mind had first received the elements of classic lore—the play-ground, once the scene of his wild gambols—and, afar off, among the trees, the chimney of a house of the better order, but falling gradually to decay—*that* was once his home. The wanderer pressed his hand to his brow—I thought he brushed a tear from his furrowed cheek.

It is a strange feeling, that which comes across us when after a lengthened absence, first re-visiting the scenes of our childhood—the abode of all we love—what fears and anxieties crowd on the mind! It seems almost impossible that we can find all as we could wish—we pause at the threshold of the beloved home—we fear to enter, lest death or disease may have visited those forms which are all to us—we cannot inquire of strangers—it seems like profanation.

George Elliott left the hotel and walked rapidly towards his well-remembered dwelling. To reach it he was obliged to pass through the principal street of the village, and every object on his way reminded him of bo-gone days. But where were the familiar faces he was wont to recognize, where the companions of his youth, where the instructors of his boyhood? All seemed strange, and the wanderer felt alone—at last he reached the parsonage, once the dwelling of the venerable pastor—his well-remembered friend. He certainly could no longer be living—for twenty years before, the wanderer had left him an aged man. But he had then a child—an only daughter, about ten years old. She might still survive; and an undefinable feeling prompted him to enter. He was received at the door by a fine looking man, apparently between thirty and forty, who requested him to enter with kindness and hospitality. After a few attempts at general conversation, which Elliott felt too deeply agitated to sustain, he proceeded to inquire after the former pastor, and learned that ten years before, he had taken his last leave of earth. He was succeeded by the present clergyman, who had married the old man's daughter.

"Is there not," said the wanderer, striving to conceal his agitation, "a family of the name of Elliott in your neighborhood?

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the clergyman, "they live in that old mansion among the trees. Indeed I am myself one of that family—I am a son of old John Elliott who lives in that house."

"And is he then still living?" eagerly inquired the stranger.

"Yes, sir, but quite advanced in years. You seem interested in the family, sir," continued the clergyman.

The wanderer looked steadily and wistfully in the pastor's face. "William, my brother! have you forgotten me?"

"Brother—are you my brother? Can you be George?" And in spite of the change of twenty years, the brothers recognized each other and tenderly embraced.

"Who would ever have thought of meeting the lively lad of fifteen, I left twenty years ago, a Reverend pastor and the head of a family?" said George, smiling affectionately, after the first joy of their recognition.

"Alas! brother, that is a better change than your worn form and sunken cheeks, would show that you have met with."

"Yes, William, I have seen much, and suffered much; but, tell me of my parents, my sisters, are they all living and well?"

"Yes—Heaven has spared them all. Our parents are in as good health as can be expected at their advanced age. Julia has been married these twelve years; and Mary, whom you left an infant, is the beauty of the village. She is engaged to a young lawyer, and is to be married within a week. But shall we not go over to our old home? It will gladden our mother's heart to see you."

The brothers walked in happy silence to their early home. A load was removed from the wanderer's heart by the intelligence he had learned of his relatives; and with a thankful and happy spirit he gained the threshold. They gazed through the open door into the old fashioned parlor, and George Elliott's heart beat with pleasure and affection, as he saw a venerable pair, his father and mother, sitting at their evening meal, and with them a young and beautiful woman, whom family likeness plainly showed to be his youngest sister. They entered, and William, fearing too suddenly to introduce his brother, merely named him as a gentleman recently from India, a friend of George.

"A friend of George," said old John Elliott; "then is he truly welcome—but is George living? We have not heard from him in ten years—we have lamented him as dead—no! it cannot be!" and the old man drew his hand across his eyes, and resumed his seat.

"But your son George is living and well—I know him to be living," said the wanderer in a soothing voice.

Mrs Elliott, who till then had remained in silence gazing intently at the stranger, now rushed forward. "That voice! yes—it must be—it is—my own George!" and she fell into the arms of her returning son.

"Sarah, you are right, it *is* George! God bless you my son," and the tears glistened in the old man's eyes, as he embraced him whom he had mourned as dead. And Mary came forward in maiden loveliness and kissed the worn cheek of her stranger brother. And, after the thousand eager questions and joyful exclamations of fond affection, the family, once more united, sat down to partake of the evening repast.

Soon the neighbors, old friends of George's learned the news of his arrival, and crowded in to see him, for he had been much beloved—and it was a happy evening that for the Elliotts and their friends. George gave his relatives the outline of his adventures since they had last heard from him—how he had been shipwrecked on the eastern coast of Africa while on a trading voyage, had been detained by the savage inhabitants as a slave, and, after many years of toil and misery, had effected his escape—how he had returned to India, and collecting together his large property, previously acquired, had taken the first vessel for his native shore. "And now I have returned to my own dear native village, believe me, I shall never leave it. Here I hope to pass the remainder of my days in peace, and here to rest my ashes." And the wanderer kept his word—long and happily did he live in his native village, dispensing around him the comforts which wealth enabled him to bestow. P. L.

REMOVAL OF THE DEPOSITES. A lady in this city, who kept her deposite of eggs for family use in a cupboard near the head of a stairway leading to the cellar, was much troubled with a suspicion that a part of her stock did not come to the family table, but was withdrawn without lawful warrant.—She could not, in her own mind, assign any probable cause for those transfers, and after much reflection on the matter, relinquished all hopes of unravelling the mystery. One evening, after having thus despaired of explanation, and while sitting quietly in a room near the stairway, she heard a peculiar noise—a thump—thump—thump—like something falling gently from one stair to another. She carefully reconnoitered the premises, and as a distant lamp in the hall threw its light on the stairway, she had the happiness to witness a very curious solution of the mystery, and a *rat*-ification of her suspicions. She observed two rats go to the depository, and one of the twain take an egg in his fore paws, then throw himself on his back, and with his fore and hind legs around the egg, he held it fast and safe. Having 'assumed the responsibility' of position, his fellow rat, who had obviously been waiting for the developement, laid hold of his companion by the ear, and dragged him down stairs, making, as he descended each step, the 'thump' which had aroused attention to this agrarian operation.—*Hartford Courier.*

MISCELLANY.

THE PRINTER.

There he stands at his case his eye fixed on his copy—while his fingers, obedient to his will, collect the letters from their various boxes, and place them together so as to form words, sentences, complete articles of news, politics, or literature. The musician at the piano can hardly compete with the printer in rapidity and precision of his digital motions; like the pianist who plays with his music box and instrument before him, the printer sees and comprehends at a glance, the ever varying results his fingers must produce; and does not hesitate a moment to perform the necessary action with the rapidity of lightning. Like notes from the instrument, every letter, every pause, every stop, is called forth in its proper place, till a complete ensemble is formed, which the memory can treasure up, and which the mind can conceive and digest. But how different are the final effects produced in these two instances! The musician creates a series of melodious and harmonious sounds, which please the ear for a moment, and die away. The feelings gay or sad, desponding or enthusiastic, mild or violent, are excited for a moment, but, the charm soon ceases, and leaves nought but the recollection of the past pleasures or pain upon the mind. But the printer's labor bears an everlasting fruit; he spreads before mankind the arcana of knowledge, and works with the sages the laboratory of reason; he sends messengers to every one of the human family; he invokes all men to behold the beauties of truth; and seeks to make the mass of mankind conscious of those immutable rights with which man is invested, at his birth, by nature, and by nature's God. The printer has been, since the 15th century, the faithful and most active auxiliary of learning. The day the printer first struck off a sheet from a rough block types; from that day, we date the universal spread of knowledge, and the disfranchisement of mankind from the bonds of ignorance, superstition and oppression. From that day has man gradually advanced to the general enjoyment of free, enlightened, and republican institutions; from that day royalty and its concomitants began to decay, and fair liberty to grow in their place.

I might continue to show, in detail, the correctness of the general outline I have drawn; but the immense benefits which the art of printing has conferred upon mankind, have been described by abler and more eloquent pens than mine. Let me present a single hypothesis. Suppose the great protectress, and teacher of all arts and sciences—suppose that the art of printing had never been discovered—at what state of progress would we now find natural philosophy, astronomy, mechanics, navigation, many arts which conduce so effectually to the comfort and preservation of mankind—where now would be those liberties we hold so dear? Yet in the womb of futurity. The discoveries of Newton would have been the treasure of an exclusive few. Watts and Fulton would perhaps have never learned the first principles; and Franklin might perhaps have never read a book, nor published a single principle tending to the independence of this country.

Among the ancients of Greece and Rome, there were certainly some great and wise men; but beyond the circle in which these learned men moved, how few received a glimpse of science?—how few ever learned to read?—and how difficult it was to obtain the instruction of books? Now, through the agency of printing our means of acquiring knowledge is unlimited, and its dissemination is universal. The consequence is, that a greater number labor to unravel and make useful the secrets of nature; and the progress of mankind to perfection, is a thousand times more rapid.

The printer, as an individual, comes directly under the constant influence of the instructive and liberal art he professes. The printer reads more, and possesses more varied and general information than the theologian, lawyer, or avowed philosopher. It is the printer's trade to read constantly, day after day, during his whole life; he earns his daily bread by reading; aye, and by reading slowly and carefully, for he must follow and put the words into type letter by letter; he must dwell awhile upon every sentence. Does the merchant know the prices of cotton and other goods in distant countries?—the intelligence is penned by a printer before the merchant touches it. Does the politician discuss the affairs of nations?—he owes his knowledge to the printer, who is always ahead of him in point of information. Does the physician study the works of some profound Esculapius?—let him look at the title page, and he will see that he owes the work to a printer, who has read it over and over to see that not a letter is wanting; not a comma out of place. The same may be said of the lawyer, minister, and the scientific mechanic. The printer stands at the door of all their learning, and holds the key that opens it.

The printer is a great traveller. There are few printers in the United States who have not visited every State in the Union. They are sure of finding a printing office in every village, and consequently do not hesitate to travel wherever their fancy may lead them, sure of finding in their brother typographers, friends to assist them, give them work or obtain a situation for them. The printer is consequently thoroughly acquainted with his country; in general, and in detail, none can know it better, or speak of it more correctly. Sometimes he crosses the Atlantic; and while he prints geographies and books of travels, he takes occasion to view with his own eyes every part of the old and new world.

The printer is always a good grammarian; and it frequently happens that men, whose productions are esteemed by the public, owe it to the printer that they are not written down asses. Often, very often, does it happen, that manuscript is put into the hands of the type setter full of gross grammatical errors, sentences void of sense, and without a single point of punctuation, or capital letter.

When this has passed through his hands the errors are corrected, the punctuations and capitals are all set in their proper places. The conceited author finds himself all at once a grammatical and logical writer, and basks in the sun of popularity, which he owes to some unobtrusive son of Guttemburg. He takes care not to give credit to the proper person; but on the contrary, should some of his blunders remain uncorrected, he is sure to lay them all to the charge of the "ignorant printers;" such is the false and unjust phrase ignorant writers frequently use.

No trade, class, or profession, except those of law and physic, has furnished a greater proportion of learned and distinguished persons than the printer's craft. From the days of Franklin to the present time, our legislative halls, our places of honor, have been ornamented by talented and eloquent printers. The bar is often indebted to printing offices for some of its ablest members. In this city we have living and prominent example of the fact.

The printers, whenever they can unite a sufficient force, generally form themselves into a society for their mutual protection, and for the purpose of assisting each other in case of need. These societies fix the rates of wages, the hours of work, and provide for the sick and unfortunate. They bind themselves by the strictest and most honorable rules to preserve the dignity of their art, and to defend each other against the injustice of grasping employers. If a printer should dishonor his trade, or work under wages, he is immediately stigmatized and disowned. It is very rare that a printer can be induce to dishonor the pledges he has given to his fellow workmen.

The printer is essentially a democrat—that is to say, opposed to the *aristocracy* of riches; and though so far above the generality of citizens in knowledge and talent, yet he is proud of being called a Mechanic—and he frequently boasts that his subsistence is earned by the sweat *of his brow*. Yes, ye proud nabobs who roll in your carriages, and who would disdain to touch the hard hand of a mechanic, learn that there are mechanics who are by far your superiors in every thing which elevates mankind. I know many graduates of colleges who might be made to blush for their ignorance by the mechanics they seem to despise. But the boasts of the aristocrat must fall beneath the power of the press; and when the laboring classes of Europe and America shall claim their appropriate rank in society, and call for enjoyment of equal rights, their spokesman will be the PRINTER.

INDIAN BIOGRAPHY.

From the New York Mirror.

PUSHMATAHA.

This individual was a distinguished warrior of the Choctaw nation, and a fair specimen of the talents and propensities of the modern Indian. It will have been noticed, by those who have paid attention to Indian history, that the savage character is always seen a modified aspect among those of the tribes who reside in juxtaposition with the whites. We are not prepared to say that it is either elevated, or softened, by this relation; but it is certainly changed. The strong hereditary bias of the wild and untamed rover of the forest, remains in prominent development, while some of the arts, and many of the vices of the civilized man, are engrafted upon them. The Choctaws have had their principal residence in that part of the country east of the Mississippi river, which now forms the state of Mississippi, and have had intercourse with the European race, from the time of the discovery of that region by the French, nearly two centuries ago. In 1820, that tribe was supposed to consist of a population of twenty-five thousand souls.—They have always maintained friendly relations with the American people, and have permitted our missionaries to remain among them; some of them have addicted themselves to agriculture, and a few of their females have intermarried with the white traders.

Pushmataha was born about the year 1764, and at the age of 20 was a captain, or a war chief, and a great hunter. In the latter occupation he often passed to the western side of the Mississippi, to hunt the buffalo, upon the wide plains lying towards our southern frontier. On one occasion, while hunting on the Red river, with a party of Choctaws, he was attacked by a number of Indians of a tribe called the Callageheahs, near the the Spanish line, and totally defeated. He made his own escape, alone, to a Spanish settlement, where he arrived nearly starved; having, while on the way given a horse, that he found grazing on the plains, for a single fish. He remained with the Spaniards five years, employing himself as a hunter, brooding over the plans of vengeance which he afterwards executed, and probably collecting the information necessary to the success of his scheme.—Wandering back to the Choctaw country alone, he came by stealth, in the night, to a little village of the enemies by whom he he had been defeated, suddenly rushed in upon them, killed seven of the inhabitants, and set fire to the lodges, which were intirely consumed before the occupants recovered from their alarm.

After this feat he remained in his own nation about six years, increasing his reputation as a hunter, and engaging occasionly in the affairs of the tribe. He then raised a party of his own friends, and led them to seek a further revenge for the defeat which still rankled in his bosom.—Again he surprised one of their towns upon Red river, and killed two or three of their warriors without any loss on his own side. But engaging in an extensive hunt, his absence from home was protracted to the term of eight months. Returning from this expedition but ten days, he prevailed upon another party of Choctaw warriors to follow his adventurous steps in a new enterprise against the same enemy, and was again victorious, bringing home six of the scalps of his foes, without losing a man. On this occasion he was absent seven or eight months. In one year afterwards he raised a new party, led them against the foe whom he had so often stricken, and was once more successful.

Some time before the war of 1812, a party of Creek Indins, who had been engaged in a hunting expedition, came to the Choctaw country, and burned the house of Pushmataha, who was in the neighborhood intently occupied in playing ball, a game at which he was very expert. He was too great a man to submit to such an injury, and, as usual, immediate retaliation ensued. He led a party of Choctaws into the Creek country, killed several of that nation, and committed as great destruction of their property as was practicable in their rapid march; and he continued from time to time, until the breaking out of the war between the U. States and Great Britain, to prosecute the hostilities growing out of this feud with relentless vigor; assailing the Creeks frequently with small parties, by surprise, and committing indiscriminate devastation upon the property or people of that tribe. Such are quarrels of great men; and such have been the border wars of rude nations from the earliest times.

In the war that succeeded, he was always the first to lead a party against the British or their Indian allies; and he did much injury to the Creeks and Seminoles during that contest. His military prowess and success gained for him the honorary title, which he seems to have well deserved; and he was usually called General Pushmataha.

This chief was not descended from any distinguished family, but was raised to command, when a young man, in consequence of his talents and prowess. He was always poor, and when not engaged in war, followed the chase with ardor and success. He was brave and generous; kind to those who were necessitous, and hospitable to the stranger. The eagerness with which he sough to revenge himself upon his enemies, affords no evidence of ferocity of character; but is in strict conformity with the Indian code of honor which sanction such deeds as nobly meritorious.

It is curious to observe the singular mixture of great and mean qualities in the character of a barbarous people. The same man who is distinguished in war, in the council, is often the subject of anecdotes which reflect little on his character in private life. We shall repeat the few incidents which have reached us, in the public and private history of Pushmataha.

He attended a council held in 1823, near the residence of Major Pitchlynn, a wealthy trader among the Choctaws, and at a distance of eighty miles from his own habitation. The business was closed on the third of July, and on the following day, the anniversary of our independence, a dinner was given by Major Pitchlynn to Colonel Ward, the agent of the government of the United States, and the principal chiefs who were present. When the guests were about to depart, it was observed that General Pushmataha had no horse; and as he was getting to be too old to prosecute so long a journey on foot, the government agent suggested to Mr Pitchlynn, the propriety of presenting him with a horse. This was readily agreed to, on the condition that the Chief would promise not to exchange the horse for whiskey; and the old warrior, mounted upon a fine young animal, went upon his way rejoicing. It was not long before he visited the agency, on foot, and it was discovered that he had lost his horse in betting at ball play. "But did you not promise Mr Pitchlynn," said the agent, "that you would not sell his horse?" "I did so in presence of yourself and many others," replied the chief, "but I did not promise that I would not risk the horse on a game of ball."

It is said that during the late war, General Pushmataha, having joined our southern army with some of his warriors, was arrested by the commanding general for striking a soldier with his sword.—When asked by the commander why he had committed this act of violence, he replied that the soldier had been rude to his wife, and that he had only given him a blow or two with the side of his sword to teach him better manners—"but if it had been you, general, instead of a private soldier," continued he, "I should have used the sharp edge of my sword, in defence of my wife, who has come so far to visit a great warrior like myself."

At a time when a guard of eight or ten men was kept at the agency, one of the soldiers having become intoxicated, was ordered to be confined; and as there was no guard house, the temporary arrest was effected by tying the offender. Pushmataha seeing the man in this situation, inquired the cause and on being informed, exclaimed, "is that all!" and immediately untied the unfortunate soldier, remarking coolly, "many good warriors get drunk."

At a meeting of business at the agency, at which several American gentlemen, and some of the chief men of the Choctaw nation were present, the conversation turned upon the Indian custom of marrying a plurality of wives. Pushmataha remarked that he had two wives, and intended to have always the same number. Being asked if he did not think the practice wrong, the chief replied, "No; is it not right that every woman should be married—and how can that be, when there are more women than men, unless some men marry more than one? When our great father, the President, caused the Indians to be counted last year, it was found that the women were most numerous, and if one man could have but one wife, some women would have no husband."

In 1824, this chief was at the city of Washington, as one of a deputation sent to visit the President, for the purpose of brightening the chain of friendship between the American people and the Choctaws. The venerable Lafayette, then upon his memorable tour through the United State, was at the same metropolis, and the Choctaw chiefs came to pay him their respects. Several of them made speeches, and among the rest, Pushmataha addressed him in these words:—

"Nearly fifty snows have melted since you drew the sword as a companion of Washington. With him you fought the enemies of America. You mingled your blood with that of the enemy, and proved yourself a warrior. After you finished that war, you returned to your own country; and now you are come back to revisit a land, where you are honored by a numerous and powerful people. You see every where the children of those by whose side you went to battle, crowding around you, and shaking your hands, as the hand of a father. We have heard those things told in our distant villages, and our hearts longed to see you. We have come, we have taken you by the hand, and are satisfied. This is the first time we have seen you; it will probably be the last. We have no more to say. The earth will part us forever."

The old warrior pronounced these words with an affecting solemnity of voice and manner. He seemed to feel a presentiment of the brevity of his own life, the concluding remark of his speech was prophetic. In a few days he was no more. He was taken sick at Washington, and died in a strange land. When he found that his end was approaching, he called his companions around him, and de-